

The second part of

Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of Steele,
To make strength stronger: but for al our loues,
First let them trie themselues, so did your sonne,
He was so suffred, so came I a widow,
And neuer shall haue length of life enough,
To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heauen,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
As with the tide, sweld vp vnto his height,
That makes a stil stand, running neither way,
Faine would I go to meete the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me backe,
I will resolute for Scotland, there am I,
Till time and vantage craue my company.

Enter a Drawer or two.

exeunt.

Francis What the diuel hast thou brought there apple
Iohns: thou knowest sir Iohn cannot indure an apple Iohn.

Dra. Mas thou saist true, the prince once set a dish of apple
Iohns before him, and tolde him there were fise more sir
Iohns, and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leaue of
these six drie, round, old, withered Knights, it angered him to
the heart, but he hath forgot that.

Fran. Why then couer and set them downe, and see if
thou canst find out Sneakes Noife, mistris Tere-sheet would
faine heare some musique.

Dra. Dispatch, the roome where they supt is too hot, theile
come in straight.

Francis Sirra, here wil be the prince and master Poynes a-
non, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and sir
Iohn must not know of it, Bardolfe hath brought word.

Enter Will.

Dra. By the mas here wil be old vtis, it wil be an excellent
stratagem.

Francis Ile see if I can find out Sneake.

exit

Enter mistris Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet.

Quickly

Henry the fourth.

Quickly Yfaith sweet heart, me thinkes now you are in an
excellent good temperalitie. Your pulsfidge beates as extraor-
dinarily as heart would desire, and your colour I warrant you
is as red as any rose, in good truth law: but yfaith you haue
drunke too much cannaries, and thats a maruelous searcing
wine, and it perfumes the bloud ere one can say, whats this,
how do you now?

Tere. Better then I was: hem.

Qui. Why thats well said, a good heart's worth gold: loe
here comes sir Iohn.

enter sir Iohn.

sir Iohn When Arthur first in court, empty the iourdan and
was a worthy King: how now mistris Doll?

host. Sicke of a calme, yea good faith.

Falst. So is all her sect; and they be once in a calme they are
sicke.

Tere. A pox damne you, you muddie rascall, is that all the
comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat rascals mistris Doll.

Tere. I make them? gluttonie, and diseases make, I make
them not.

Falst. If the cooke help to make the gluttonie, you helpe to
make the diseases Doll, we catch of you Doll, we catch of you
graunt that my poore vertue, grant that.

Doll Yea ioy, our chaines and our iewels.

Fa. Your brooches, pearles, & ouches for to serue brauely,
is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach, with
his pike bent brauely, and to surgerie brauely, to venture vpon
the charge chambers brauely.

Doll Hang your selfe, you muddie Cunger, hang your
selfe.

host By my troth this is the old fashion, you two neuer meet
but you fall to some discord, you are both y good truth as rew
matique as two dry tofts, you cannot one beare with anothers
cofirmities, what the goodyere one must beare, & that must be
you, you are the weaker vessell, as they say, the emptier vessel.

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Doll.